

Hopkinsville Market.

Corrected Tuesday Dec. 2, 1908.

GROCERIES.

[THESE ARE RETAIL PRICES.]

Apples, per peck, 25c and 50.
 Beans, white, per gal. 50c.
 Coffee, Arbuckle's, per lb. 24c.
 Coffee, roasted, 15c to 35c.
 Coffee, green, 12 1/2c to 25c.
 Tea, green, per lb. 60 to \$1.
 Tea, black, per lb. 40c to \$1.
 Cheese, cream, 25c lb., straight
 Edam, \$1.25.
 Roquefort, 50c lb.
 Sugar, granulated, 15 lbs., \$1.00.
 Sugar light brown, 18 lbs., \$1.00.
 Sugar, dark brown, 20 lbs., \$1.00.
 Sugar, Cuba, 14 lbs. for \$1.00.
 Sugar, XXXX, 14 lbs. for \$1.00.
 Flour, patent, per bbl., \$5.50.
 Flour, family, per bbl., \$5.20.
 Graham, 12 lb., sack 40c.
 Meat, per bushel, \$1.10.
 Molasses, per lb. 5c.
 Oats, 20c gallon.
 Oat Flakes, package, 10 to 15c.
 Oat Flakes, bulk, 5c lb.

VEGETABLES.

Irish potatoes, per peck, 25c.
 Cabbage, new, 2 1/2c.
 Onions, per peck 30c.
 Turnips, peck, 20c.
 Celery, 5c and 10c a bunch.

CANNED GOODS.

Corn, per doz. cans, \$1.00 to \$1.50.
 Tomatoes, 12 cans, \$1.00 to \$1.50.
 Peas, from 10c to 30c per can.
 Hominy, 10c per can.
 Beans, per can, 10c.
 Kidney Beans, 10c can.
 Lima Beans, per can, 10c.
 Korona, per can, 10c.
 Squash, per can, 10c.
 Peaches, 10c to 40c per can.
 Apricots, per can, 25c to 75c.
 Pineapples, per can, 10c to 35c.
 Raisins, 10c and 15c package.
 Raisins, layer, 15c lb.
 Evaporated Peaches, 10c to 20c lb.
 Evaporated Apples, 10c lb.
 Evaporated Apricots, 12 1/2 to 20c lb.
 Prunes, 10c to 15c per lb.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Hams, country, per lb., 15c.
 Packers' hams, per lb., 15c.
 Shoulders, per lb., 10c.
 Sides, per lb., 12 1/2c.
 Lard, per lb., 12 1/2c.
 Eggs, per dozen, 25c.
 Honey per lb., 12 1/2c.

Wholesale Prices.

POULTRY.

Eggs, 24c doz. Hens, 5c lb.
 Roosters per lb. 3c.
 Young Chickens, 7c per lbs.
 Turkeys, fat, per lb., 10 1/2c.
 Ducks, per lb., 6c.
 Full feather geese, per doz \$4.00.

GRAIN.

No. 2 Northern mixed oats per
 bushel, 65c; No. 1 Timothy hay, per
 ton, \$18.00; No. 2 Timothy hay, per
 ton, \$12.00; No. 1 Clover Hay, per
 ton, \$10.00; Mixed Clover Hay.

POULTRY, EGGS AND BUTTER.

Prices paid by wholesale dealers
 the producers and dairymen:
 Live Poultry—Hens, per lb., 6c.
 Butter—Packing stock per lb. 14c.

ROOTS, HIDES, WOOL AND TALLOW.

Prices paid by wholesale dealers
 to butchers and farmers:
 Roots—Southern ginseng, \$5.00 lb.
 "Golden Seal" yellow root, \$1.00 lb.
 Mayapple, 2c; pink root, 12c and 13c.
 Tallow—No. 1, 4c; No. 2, 3c.
 Wool—Burry 5 to 17c; Clean
 grease, 17c Medium, 15c
 washed, 20c to 27c; coarse, dingy
 unwashed, 18c to 23c.

Feathers—Prime white goose
 5c; dark and mixed old goose, 15c
 to 30c; gray mixed, 15c to 30c; white
 duck, 20 to 40c.
 Hides and Skins—These quota
 tions are for Kentucky hides.
 Southern green hides 8 1/2c.
 We quote assorted lots; dry flint
 12c to 14c.

Engine For Sale.

For sale, a good second hand gaso-
 line engine, 2 1/2 horse power. Fair-
 banks-Morse make, overhauled and
 in good running order. Will sell at
 a great bargain. May be seen at

H. H. McGREW, Machine Shop.
 Corner 8th and Clay Sts.

MADAME DEAN'S FRENCH FEMALE PILLS.

A SAFE, CERTAIN REMEDY FOR SUPPRESSING MENSTRUATION.
 NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL. (See Testimonial.)
 Sold in bottles of 10 pills for 25c. Sent by mail for
 \$1.00 per box. Will send them on trial for
 seven days. Sample Free. If you do not like
 them return them with your order to the
 UNITED MEDICAL CO., BOX 74, LANGSTON, PA.

Sold in Hopkinsville by the Anderson-Fowler Drug Co.
 Incorporated.

DR. EDWARDS

SPECIALTY

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.

Free Test Made for Glasses
 Up State—Physician, Station St.

Shirley's Surprise.

By Martha Cobb Sanford.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

Shirley was superintending the an-
 nual charity bazaar and putting her
 whole incantations, magnanimous soul
 into the task, but that was Shirley
 every time.

And she had what she termed a
 "perfectly, splendidly unique" idea for
 this particular bazaar. As soon as she
 thought of it she called up each of
 the other girls on the committee by
 telephone to tell them about it.

"Perfectly impossible," one said.

"Too much work," complained an-
 other.

"Fine," agreed a third, "and just like
 you, Shirley. But you'll have to put
 it through yourself. All the rest of
 us have more than we can do now."

And so, a bit chagrined, but quite
 undaunted, Shirley proceeded "to put
 it through."

She had just executed her first vic-
 torious stroke when she came face to
 face with Philip Evans—that is, their
 machines met before a smart sporting
 goods establishment.

"You look as fresh as a morning
 glory, Shirley," was Philip's greeting
 as he sprang from his car and helped
 Shirley from hers. "How do you do
 it—with a whole charity bazaar on
 your hands?"

"Just come in her with me a min-
 ute, Philip, and I'll show you," Shirley
 answered, laughing.

Once inside the shop, Shirley asked
 for the proprietor. No one else would
 do, she said. When that pompous
 gentleman saw who it was demanding
 his exclusive personal attention his
 expression of annoyance underwent an
 instantaneous metamorphosis.

To Philip's intense amusement he
 fairly beamed upon Shirley. But, then,



"I've already bought this one."

every one beamed upon Shirley, for
 that matter, and Shirley beamed upon
 every one in return, or possibly it was
 just the other way round.

"You see, Mr. Brown, we're going
 to have a charity bazaar," she began,
 smiling so captivatingly as she did so
 that her victim quite overlooked the
 fatality of the announcement. "And
 you have such perfectly charming and
 unusual things here that I knew you
 would be delighted to give us just
 one or two small articles to help us
 out." Mr. Brown managed to tuck an
 acquiescent smile in edgewise as Shir-
 ley, seating herself in a reclining ham-
 boo porch chair, announced: "Yes,
 we'd like this, I'm sure. It's delight-
 fully comfortable. And, oh, that lovely
 tan Gloucester hammock! We must
 have that. Come over here and try it
 with me, Philip."

Philip obeyed without a moment's
 hesitation, although conscious that the
 eyes of several spruce young clerks
 were watching himself and Shirley as
 they sat like two children swinging
 side by side.

"And that will be all, Mr. Brown,"
 Shirley announced munificently, jump-
 ing out on the fly, as it were, "just
 that chair and this hammock. You
 see, I've let you off very easy. I can't
 tell you exactly what we want them
 for. That's a secret, but it will be a
 splendid advertisement, and if they
 aren't sold, why, we'll send them back
 to you."

Mr. Brown, with many smiles and
 a sweeping bow, acknowledged himself
 pleased and honored to be of service.

"And I haven't asked you to buy a
 single ticket, Mr. Brown," Shirley re-
 minded him generously.

Mr. Brown immediately put his hand
 into his pocket.

"No, thank you just as much," de-
 clined Shirley prettily; "but, you see,
 Mrs. Brown bought half a dozen yes-
 terday."

"Shirley," Philip remonstrated so-
 berly when they were on the side-
 walk, "haven't you any conscience
 whatever?" But at Shirley's expres-
 sion of absolute incomprehension Phil-
 ip burst out laughing. "What are you
 going to do with the things anyway?"
 he asked, helping her into her auto-
 mobile.

"That's my surprise," Shirley an-
 swered. "You'll see when you come
 to the bazaar. By the way, how many
 tickets do you want?"

Philip opened his billfold and slowly
 drew out six.

"Won't these be sufficient to let me
 in?" he asked teasingly.

"Where did you get them, Philip?"

flashed Shirley.

"Oh, from two or three respectable
 sources," he answered indifferently.

"Well, here are six more," said

announced defiantly. "I saved them
 for purpose for you, Philip, so you'll
 have to take them. Now, you mustn't
 detain me a minute longer. I've got
 loads of other places to go to. See
 you at the bazaar."

"But I can't call before," began
 Philip, abruptly tearing in two sev-
 eral small pieces of blue cardboard.

"No, you can't," interrupted Shirley,
 laughing. "I'm too busy. If you need
 any more tickets, Philip, let me know.
 Goodbye."

The bazaar opened with a blaze of
 social glory and continued its trium-
 phant career for one entire week.

The center of attraction was "Shir-
 ley Burnett's little portable house," as
 it came to be called before the bazaar
 was half over. There it stood at one
 end of the long hall, immaculate and
 dainty in its coat of white and yel-
 low, defying any one to find fault with
 it and inviting every one to come in—
 for the small price of 5 cents.

Every one wanted to go in and re-
 main to exclaim over its coziness. Not
 a corner of it was left unexplored.

From the little living room with its
 artistic wicker furnishings to the di-
 minutive kitchen with its miniature
 cook stove and shining rows of brand
 new pans and kettles.

And nearly every one lingered long
 enough to have tea, which Shirley
 served out on the porch with just as
 gracious hospitality as if she weren't
 charging the exorbitant sum of 15
 cents a cup for it. The little portable
 house proved a most paying propo-
 sition.

And when the very last night of the
 bazaar it was put up at auction there
 were spirited bidding and much ex-
 citement.

"Four hundred and ninety dollars—
 four hundred and ninety dollars,"
 called the auctioneer impressively.

"For this beautiful little house with all
 its furnishings complete. Come, gen-
 tlemen. Some one make it five hun-
 dred. Going, going—five hundred, do
 I hear? Thank you, sir. Gone at five
 hundred to the gentleman over there
 on my right. Will he please step for-
 ward and give his name?"

Shirley, who had been watching the
 scene from a window of the living
 room, suddenly disappeared as the
 crowd parted to give the purchaser
 right of way.

A few minutes later Philip Evans
 found her sitting on the kitchen table
 making pathetic little dabs at sus-
 picious red eyes.

"Why, Shirley Burnett!" he exclaim-
 ed. "What's the matter? You ought
 to be the proudest girl in the world."

"Well, I'm not," Shirley answered
 disconsolately. "I'm the most miser-
 able. I can't bear to think of any one
 else having this little house. I want
 it myself. I just love it. Don't you
 think the porch is the cutest thing you
 ever saw, Philip? Can't you just
 imagine sitting out on it away off
 somewhere in the moonlight?"

Philip nodded. Somehow he couldn't
 trust himself to speak.

"And the dear little living room—
 isn't it the budgiest little room you
 ever saw, Philip?"

Philip wasn't quite sure what "bud-
 giest" meant, but he nodded again.

"And as for this little toy kitchen,"
 Shirley ended dramatically, patting a
 nearby saucepan affectionately. "I
 adore everything in it! Don't you,
 Philip?"

"Everything," answered Philip sol-
 emnly. "and you, sweetheart, most of
 all. Oh, Shirley, can't you say the
 same?"

For a moment Shirley looked at him
 as if dozed. Then, her eyes sparkling
 with happiness and her cheeks grow-
 ing rosier and rosier, she said softly
 and slowly, "I adore everything in this
 little kitchen, and you, sweetheart,
 most of all."

"You're quite sure, dearest," Philip
 questioned a few minutes later as,
 at Shirley's request, he held up the lit-
 tle kitchen mirror while she rearranged
 her much rumpled hair, "that you love
 me just as much as you love the little
 house?"

"It's your deadliest rival, Philip,"

she answered playfully. "But just to
 prove to you that it won't count any
 more I—I'll congratulate whoever
 bought it. There, I couldn't say more.
 Who is he?"

"You don't know?" gasped Philip,
 unable to believe his ears.

"I don't want to see the monster,"
 explained Shirley. "Just as soon as I
 heard that fatal word 'Gone' I ran
 out here, where you found me. Phil-
 ip," she broke off excitedly, "I have
 the grandest inspiration! Let you and
 me get another house just like this
 and spend our honeymoon in it. I
 think I could get one quite cheap for
 you."

"But, you see," confided Philip
 meekly. "I've already bought this
 one."

"Why, Philip Evans!" exclaimed
 Shirley, hugging him hard. "I don't
 believe it. Aren't you a love?"

An English Opinion.

"London is full of foreigners," writes
 a correspondent of the London Chron-
 icle, "and you may detect them in
 many infallible ways. But nothing
 perhaps displays a man's nationality
 more surely than the way he eats.
 You may tell an Englishman, meet
 him where you may, by the fact that
 he grasps his fork firmly in his left
 hand and keeps it there instead of
 transferring it to his right hand as
 soon as his food is cut up. You can
 tell a Frenchman by his wise disre-
 gard of fish knives and salt spoons. As
 for Americans—well, it is amusing to
 read of Benjamin Franklin's visit to
 Paris in 1777 and of the horror of the
 ladies of the court when he fell upon
 asparagus with hands and teeth and
 of their correspondent disdain when
 he failed to treat a mackerel in the same
 way, but ate it delicately with a knife
 and fork. They also possessed dis-
 gust at his love for an egg broken
 broken tumbler."

SOUTHERN RAILWAY

Has On Sale

FIRST AND THIRD TUESDAYS
OF EACH MONTH

Home-seekers Tickets

At Very Low Rates

To The

WEST AND SOUTHWEST.

Write,

A. R. COOK, D. P. A.

D. S. YENT, T. P. A.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

CARLSBAD OF AMERICA

French Lick and West Baden
Springs, Ind.Now reached by direct line of the
Southern Railway.

Leave Evansville 7:20 a.m. 2:20 p.m.
 " Rockport 7:15 a.m. 2:15 p.m.
 " Cannelton 7:15 a.m. 2:15 p.m.
 " Tell City 7:25 a.m. 2:22 p.m.
 " Troy 7:35 a.m. 2:32 p.m.
 Ar. French Lick 10:20 a.m. 5:45 p.m.
 Ar. West Baden 10:30 a.m. 5:55 p.m.
 Daily except Sunday.

ROUND TRIP RATES—LIMIT 30 DAYS

Evansville to French Lick \$3.16
 " to West Baden 3.20
 Rockport to French Lick 2.52
 " to West Baden 2.56
 Cannelton to French Lick 2.72
 " to West Baden 2.76
 Tell City to French Lick 2.60
 " to West Baden 2.64
 Troy to French Lick 2.44
 " to West Baden 2.48
 J. C. BEAM, JR., A. G. P. A.,
 St. Louis, Mo.
 E. D. STRATTON, P. A.,
 Evansville, Ind.



Time Table.

In effect November 22, 1908.

NORTH BOUND.
 No. 236—Paducah—Cairo
 Accommodation leaves.....6:40 a.m.
 No. 302—Evansville and
 Louisville Ex-
 press.....11:30 a.m.
 No. 340—Princeton mixed 6:25 p.m.

SOUTH BOUND.
 No. 341—Hopkinsville mixed
 arrives.....10:00 a.m.
 No. 301—Evansville Express
 arrives.....6:25 p.m.
 No. 321—Evansville—Hopkins-
 ville—Louisville Mail,
 arrives.....3:50 p.m.

G. R. Newman, Agent



TIME TABLE.

TRAINS GOING NORTH

No. 52—St. Louis Express, 10:05 a.m.
 No. 54—St. L. Fast Mail, 10:23 p.m.
 No. 92—C. & St. L. Lim., 6:06 a.m.
 No. 56—Hopkinsville Ac. 8:55 p.m.
 No. 94—Dixie Flyer, 5:53 p.m.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH

No. 51—St. L. Express 5:32 p.m.
 No. 53—St. L. Fast Mail 5:35 a.m.
 No. 93—C. & N. O. Lim. 11:50 p.m.
 No. 55—Hopkinsville Ac. 7:05 a.m.
 No. 95—Dixie Flyer, 9:43 a.m.
 No. 52 and 54 connect at St. Louis and other
 points West.
 No. 53 connects at Gutierrez for Memphis, L. n
 O. to as far south as Brin and for Louisville
 C. Indiana and the East.
 No. 53 and 55 make direct connection at
 Louisville, Cincinnati and all points
 north and east thereof. No. 53 and 55 also con-
 nect for Memphis and way points.
 No. 92 runs through to Chicago and will car-
 ry passengers to point South of Evansville.
 Also carries through sleepers to St. Louis.
 No. 93, through sleepers to Atlanta, Macon,
 Jacksonville, St. Augustine and Tampa, Fla.
 Also Pullman sleepers to New Orleans. Con-
 nects at Gutierrez for points East and West.
 No. 94 and 95 carry local passengers for points North
 and South of Evansville.

FOR SALE!

HORSES

AND

MULES.



We keep constantly on hand all kinds of well broken horses and
 mules for sale. Can supply your wants in first class saddle and harness
 horses, as well as reliable family horses, and can furnish you with the best
 mules on the market. We guarantee everything that leaves our barn to be
 just as represented. Call to see us before purchasing elsewhere. We
 have come to stay, for that reason we will endeavor to please you.

LAYNE & MASON.

Up to Spec-
ifications.

Our work is always up to the spec-
 ifications, and our prices always
 square. There is never any slight-
 ing of the workmanship or substitut-
 ing inferior materials, where they
 won't show, but which sooner or
 later will cause you trouble. We
 give honest values and we expect
 fair pay. You will make no mistake
 no mistake in patronizing us on
 good plumbing work.

Cumb. Phone, 950, Home 1371.



All Kinds of Stoves Repaired.

HUGH McSHANE,
THE PLUMBER.

When You Visit Nashville

STOP AT

THE NEW CENTRAL HOTEL,

The most centrally located hotel in the city; on Sixth Ave., North, near
 corner of Church street. All cars from Union station pass within two
 doors of the house. Delightful Rooms, Splendid Table and all the
 comforts of home. No better place for shoppers. Fine double
 rooms for convention parties. Within 2 blocks of capitol.

RATES REASONABLE.

Special Rates to Parties of Four or More.

Dining Room in charge of Mrs. O. G. Hille, formerly of Hopkinsville, Ky

WHERE HEALTH AND PLEASURE
MAY BE FOUND!

DAWSON SPRINGS, KY.,

HOTEL - ARCADIA.

THE waters are world wide in the celebrity. The Hotel with a ca-
 pacity to take care of 200 people, is situated on the Kentucky
 Division of the I. C. R. R. about 200 feet from the railroad station,
 surrounded by a beautiful maple grove. The old chalybeate well is in the
 yard, and the celebrated salts well about 100 yards from the Hotel. The
 wells are owned by the Hotel Arcadia and the guests of the Hotel have
 free access to them. Music is furnished by a String Band during the
 entire season.

....RATES....

\$2.00 per Day. \$10.00 per Week. \$35.00 per Month

Children 10 Years and Under \$5.00 per Week.

Nurses and Maids \$1.00 per Day

For further particulars apply to

N. M. HOLMAN & CO., Hotel Arcadia,
Dawson Springs, - - - Kentucky.

Two Hundred Thousand Families.

The intellectual aristocracy of America,
 have one rule in magazine buying—
 "The Review of Reviews first,
 because it is a necessity"

SEND
FOR A
SAMPLE
COPYA
MAGAZINE
LIBRARY IN ONE
MAGAZINE